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THE ANCIENT AND MODERN

# HISTORY

OF

# BUCK-HAVEN

IN

# FIFE-SHIRE.

Wherein is contained,

The antiquities of their old dress; the Bucky boat, with the flag of a green tree; with their dancing, Willy & his trusty rappier; their Burgess Ticket, with a view of their new College; the noted sayings and exploits of wise Willy in the Brae, witty Eppie the ale-wife, and lingle tail'd Nancy.

By Merry ANDREW at TAM CALLAN.

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THE

# HISTORY

OF

# BUCKHAVEN.

AMONGST several ancient records this Bucky is not mentioned: there was a set called Bucaneers, who were pirates, that is to say sea-robbers, and after a strict search for that set of sea-robbers, they dispersed; what of them escaped justice in the southern climate, are said to have sheltered at or near Berwick upon Tweed. After a smart battle among themselves, they divided, and 'tis said, the party who gained this Bucky-battle, fearing the English law to take place, set forward and took up their residence at this Buckhaven, so called, not only from the great quantity of buckies that are found in and about that place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick when they divided, which was then called bucking one another, but it is now named boxing or fighting. Another party of these Buckers settled in another town, northward to Banff, called Buchy near the river Spey, which is a large [illegible] town, but among all the sea towns in Scotland, the Buchers still retain a language quite different from the people in the country, and they almost all miss the letter H, and use O instead thereof, which no country people do in Scotland but themselves. There is a corruption of speech in every county over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and ways of pronouncing words from others, even some in the South of Scotland can hardly be understood by those in the North, though

both pretend to ſpeak Engliſh, and have a liberal part of education; but ſince learning is now ſo eaſy to be obtained, ignorance and corruption of ſpeech are greatly decreaſed.

In the county of Fife, on the ſea coaſt, there ſtands a little town, inhabited by few but fiſhers, called Bucky harbour, becauſe of the ſea-buckies and ſhells ſo plenty to be found on the rocks, in and about that place; there is little mention made of this town by hiſtorians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burgeſs-ticket, which was part of it perfect truths, but more of it by way of lampoon; this ticket was dated the two and thirty day of the month of Julius Cæſar, their coats of arms was two hands gripping each other over a ſcate's rumple; their oath was, "I wiſh the de'il may tak me un I binna an honeſt man to you an ye binna de like to me." An article of good neighbourhood they had, whoever was firſt up in the morning, was to raiſe all the reſt to go to ſea, but if a bad morning, they piſs and ly down again, till break of day, then raiſes wife Willy, who could judge the weather by the blowing of the wind.

Their freedoms were to take all kinds of fiſh con-

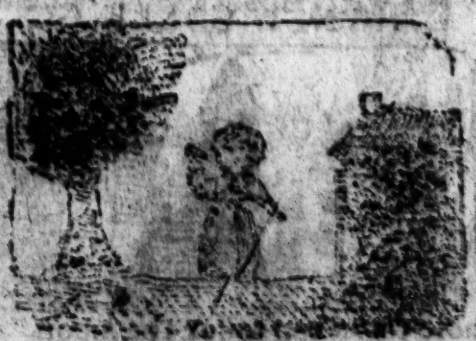
tained in their tickets, viz. lobsters, partans, podlee, spout fish, sea-cats, sea-dogs, flukes, pikes, dikepaddocks and p—— fish.

Among these people were said to be one Tom and his twosons, who were fishers on the coast of Norway, and in a violent storm were blown over, and got on shore at Bucky-harbour, where they settled, and the whole of his children were called Thomsons; this is a historical saying, handed down from one generation to another. So in course of time they grew up and multiplied, that they soon became a little town by themselves: few or any other name dwelt amongst them, and were all called the Thomsons; they kept but little communication with the country people, for a farmer in those days thought his daughter cast away if she married one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour, and witty Eppie the ale-wife wad a sworn

Fego, laddie. I had rather see my boat and a' my three sons dadet against the Base or I saw ony ane o'

them married on a milk-a byre's daughter, a wheen uſeleſs taupies that can do naething but rive at a tow rock and cut corn, they can neither bait a hood nor redd a line, hook ſandles, nor gather periwinkles.

Now wiſe Willy & witty Eppie the ale-wiſe lived there about an hundred years ago. Eppie's chamber was their college and court-houſe, where they decided their controverſies & explained their wonders, for the houſe was wide like a little kirk, had four windows and a gavel door, the wives got leave to flyte their fill, but fighting was forbidden (as Eppie ſaid, up hands was fair play) their fines were a' in pints o' ale, and Eppie ſold it at a plack the pint, they had neither miniſter nor magiſtrate, nor yet a burly bailie to brag them wi' his tolbooth, my lord was their landlord, wiſe Willy and witty Eppie the ale-wife were the rulers of the town.



Now Eppie had a daughter, called lingle-tail'd Nancy, becauſe of her feckleſs growth, her waiſt was like a twitter, had no curpen for a creel, being Embruch bred and brought up wi' her Louden aunty was learned to read and ſew, made corſe claithes and callico mutches, there waſna a ſcholar in the town but herſel, ſhe read the Bibln and the book of kirk-ſangs, which was newly come in faſhion. Willy and Eppie teld ay what it meant, and ſaid a' the letters

in it was litter'd by my lord, for they saw him hae a feather that he dipped in black water, and made crooked scores just like the same, and then he spoke to it o'er again, and it tell'd him what to say.

It happened on a day, that two of their wives found a horse-shoe near the town, brought it home, and sent for wise Willy to see what it was; Willy comes and looks at it. Indeed, co' Willy, its a thing and holes in't. Then, said they, he would get a name till't; aha, co' Willy, but whair did you find it? Anaith my lord's ain house Willy. Adeed, said Willy, it's the auld moon, I ken by the holes int for nailing it to the lift; but I wonder it she fell in Fife, for the last time I saw her, she was hanging on her back aboon Embruch; a heeh, co' Willy, we'll hae her set up on the highest house in the town, an we'll hae moon-light o' our ain a' the days o' the year.

THE NEW COLLEGE.

The whole town ran to see the moon. Hout, tout, cried witty Eppie, ye're a' fools together, it is but ane o' the things that my lord's mare wears on her fuse.

At another time one of the wives found a hare with its legs broken lying among her kail in the yard; she, not knowing what it was, called out her neighbours to see it, some said it was some gentleman's cat, or my lady's lap dog or a sheep's young kitlen because it had saft horns; na, na, cried wise Willy, it's ane o' the maukins that gentlemen's dogs worry, what will you do wi't? Faith, co' Maggy, I'll singe

the woo aff't, and make fish and sauce o't to my Tammy's parrich. No, no, said witty Eppie, better gie't to my lord, and he'll stap an iron stick thro' the guts o't, and gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted: na, na, said wife Willy, we'll no do that indeed, for my lord would make us a' dogs, and gar us rin thro' the kintry seeking maukins till him.

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of the wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish, & near the road-side there happened to be a tinker's ass teddered, and the poor ass seeing the wives com-

ing with their creels, thought it was the tinkers coming to flit or remove him, fell a crying, the two wives threw their fish away, and ran home like mad persons crying they had seen the de'il, aye the very horned de'il, and that he had spoken to them, but they did not ken what he said, for it was worse words than a Highlandman's. The whole town was in an uproar, some would go with picks and spades to hack him a' in pieces, others would catch him in a strong net, and then they could either hang or drown him. Na, na, co' wife Willy, we mauna cast out wi' him at the first, as he's gotten the twa burden o' fish, he'll ables gang his wa' an' no fash me mair; he's o'er souple to be

catch'd in a net a' your pith will neither hang nor drown him, and the country he comes frae is a' het coals, he'll never burn, we'll go to him in a civil manner and see what he wants; get out Eppie the ale-wife and lingletail,d Nancy, wi' the Bible and the Saum book, so aff they came in a crowd either to kill the devil or catch him alive, and as they came near the place the ass fell a crying, which caused many of them to faint and run back: na, na, co' Willy, that's no the de'il s words ava, it's my lord's trumpeter touting on his brass whistle Willy; ventured till he saw the ass's twa lugs, now, cried Willy back to the rest, come forward and haud him fast, I see his twa horns, heeh sirs, he has a white beard like an auld beggar man, so they enclosed the poor ass on all sides. thinking it was the de'il, but when wise Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he cried out, fear na lads, this is no the de il, 'tis some living beast, 'tis neither a cowner a horse, and, what is it then Willy? Indeed co' Willy, 'tis the father o' a' the maukens I ken by its lugs.

Now some say this is too satirical a history, but its according to the knowledge of those times, not to say in any place by another old wives will yet tell us of many such stories, as the devil appearing to their grandfathers and grandmothers, and dead wives coming again to visit their families long after their being buried; but this Buckhaven which was once noted for droll exploits is now become more knowing, and is a place said to produce the best and hardiest watermen of sailors of any town on the Scots coast, yet many of the old people in it still retain the old tincture of their old and uncultivated speech, as be-po laddie, also of a fiery nature, if you ask any of the wives where their college stands, they'll tell you if your nose were in their arse, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now it happened when wise Willy turned old he took a great swelling in his wame and casting up of his kail, collops and cauld fish, that nothing staid on his stomach, and a stout stomach had he, for crab-heads or scate brose or fat brose on a bridal morning, yet it fail'd him, he fell sick & none could cure him or tell what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage doctor came to Kirkcaldy that could judge by people's pisse the troubles of their person, & Willy hearing of his fame, pissed into a bottle, and sent it away with his daughter; the bottle being uncorked, his daughter spilt it by the way, and to conceal her sloth in so doing pissed in it herself, and on she goes, comes to the stage and cries sir dochter, sir dochter, here is a bottle o' my father's wash, he has a fair guts, never needs to drite ony, hespues a' he eats, it's true I tell you my dow: the doctor looks at it and says, it's not your father's surely its your mother's a deil's i' the man co' she, divna I ken my father by my mither? then said he, he is wi' child; a deil's i' the man co' she, for my mither bore a' de bairns before, dats no true sir, ags ye're a greas liar, home she came an' teld Willy her father that the doctor said he was wi' bairn; O waes me co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame, an I fear it's o'er true, O plague on you Janet for ye're the father o't and I'm sure to die in the bearing o't; witty Kppie was sent for as she was a houdy & fand a' Willy's wame to be sure about it, deed co' Kppie, ye're the first man e'er I saw wi' bairn before, and how you'll bear't I dinna ken, ye hae a waly wame well I wat, but how men bear bairns I ne'er saw yet but I wou'd drink sa't water & drown't in my guts, for if men get anes the gait o' bearing weans they'll seek nae mair wives, so Willy drank seawater till his guts was like to rive, out he goes to ease himself amang the kail, & wi' the terrible hurl of farting, up starts a maken be-

hind him, thinking ſhe was ſhot, Willy ſees her jumping o'er the dike, thought it was a child brought forth, cries, come back my dear and be chriſtened, and no rin to the hills and be a Pagan; ſo Willy grew better every day thereafter, being brought to bed in the kail-yard; but his daughter was brought to bed ſome months thereafter, which was the cauſe of the doctor's miſtake.

## PART II.

NOW wife Willy had a daughter called Rollech-ing Jenny, becauſe ſhe ſpoke thick, ſix words at three times, half ſenſe and half nonſenſe, as her own words and actions will bear witneſs. She being with child, was brought to bed of a bonny laſs bairn, and a' the wives in the town cried be-go-laddie, it's juſt like its ain daddy lang Sandy Taſon, (or Thomſon) we ken by its noſe; for Sandy had a great muckle red noſe like a lobſter tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb, and Sandy himſelf ſaid it was ſurely his or ſome ither body's, but he had uſed a' his birr at the getting o't, to ſey his ability, being the firſt time e'er he was at ſic a buſineſs before, and when he had done a' that man cou'd do at it, ſaid it was nonſenſe, and ſhame fa' him, but he wad rather row his boat round the Baſs and back again, or he did the like again; for wife Willy gade wood at the wean, and ſaid, it had mair ill nature in't nor the auldeſt wife about the town, it piſs'd the bed and ſhit the bed, ſkirl'd like a wild cat, and kept him frae his night's reſt; and a' the auld hags about the town ca'd Sandy de bairn's daddy, and a' the young gilly-gawkie laſſes held out their fingers and cried, tee, hee, Sandy, the kirk will kittle your hips yet.

And after a', the bleareye'd bellman came blad-

dering about the buttock-mail, ſummoned him and her before the haly band, a court that is held in the kirk on Sunday morning; and a' the ill bred laddies round about cried, ay, ay, Sandy pay the bill-ſiller, or we ll cut the cow's tail awa. ſo poor Sandy ſuffered ſadly in the fleſh, beſides the penalty and kirk penance.

But wiſe Willy had pity upon them, and gade wi' them to the kirk-court what learned folks call the Seſſion, Jenny was firſt called upon, and in ſhe goes where all the haly band were conveened, elders and youngers, deacons and dogpayers, keeping the door, the cankeredeſt carles that could be gotten between Dyſart and Dubby ſide, white heads and bald heads, ſitting wanting bonnets wi' their white headed ſtaves and hodding grey jockey coats about them.

Meſs John ſays, come awa Janet, we're a' waiting on you here.

Min. Now Janet, where was this child gotten? you muſt tell plainly.

Jan. A deed ſtir, it was gotten amang the black ſtanes, at the cheek o' the crab holes.

Meſs John ſtares at her, not knowing the place, but ſome of the elders did; then ſaid he, O Janet, but the de'il has been buſy with you at the time.

Jan. O by my figs ſtir, that's a great lie ye're telling now, for the devil waſna thereabout it I ſaw, nor nae body elſe, to bid us do either ae thing or anither, we lo'ed ither unco weel for a lang time before that, and ſyne we tell'd ither, and greed to marry ither like ither honeſt fouk, than mightna we learn to do the thing married fouk does, without the de'il helping us.

Whieſt, whieſt, cried they, you ſhould be ſcourged fauſe loon quean it thou is, ye're ſpeaking nonſenſe,

Jan. De de'ils i' de carles, for you and your miniſter is liars, when ye ſay that de de'il was helping Sandy and me to get de bairn.

Come, come, ſaid they, pay down the kirk-dues, and come back to the ſtool the morn, four pound and a groat to the bellman.

Jan. The auld thief ſpeed the dearth o't, ſtir, for leſs might ſair you and your bell-man baith, O but this be a hard warld indeed, when poor honeſt folks maun pay for making uſe o' their a——, ye miſca' ay de poor de'il ahint his back and gie him de wyte o' a' de ill dune in the kintry, baſtard bairns and every thing, and if it be as you ſay ye may thank de deil for dat gude four pound an de groat I hae gien you that gars your pots boil brown and get jockey-coats purl handed ſarks, and white headed ſtaves, when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

The woman's mad, ſaid they, for this money is all given to the poor of the pariſh

Jan. The poor o' the pariſh, ſaid ſhe, and that's the way o't, a ſint hait ye gie them but wee pickles o' peaſe meal, didna I ſee't in their pocks, and de miniſter's wife gies naething ava to unco beggars, but bids them gang hame to their ain pariſh, and yet ye'll tak te purſe frae poor fouks for naething but playing the lown a wee or they be married, and ſyne cocks them up to be looked on & laught at by every body; a deil ſpeed you and your juſtice ſtir; hute, tute, ye are a coming on me now like a wheen colly dogs hunting awa a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out ſhe comes curſing and greeting: Sandy's next called upon, and in he goes.

Min. Now, Saunders, you maun tell us howthis child was gotten.

San. A vow, Meſs John ſtir, ye have bairns o' your ain, how did you get them? but yours is a' laddies and mine is but a laſſie, if you'll tell me how you got your laddies I'll tell you how I got my laſſie, and then we'll be baith alike good at the buſineſs.

The miniſter looks at him, hute, tute, Sanders, lay down four pound and a groat and come back to-morrow to the ſtool, and give ſatisfaction to the congregation, you had more need to be ſeeking repentanee for that abominable ſin of uncleanneſs than ſpeaking ſo to me.

San. Then there's your ſiller ſtir, I've gotten poor pennyworths for't, and ye'll tell me to repent for't, what the auld thief needs I repent when I'm gaun to marry de woman, and then I'll hae to do t o'er again every day or they'll be nae peace in the houſe, figs its nonſenſe to pay ſiller, repent & do t again too, a fine advice indeed maſter miniſter, & that is how ye live.

Wife Willy, Now ſtir, you and maſter elders ye manna put them on the black creepy till they be married, they've ſuffered enough at ae time.

A well, a well, ſaid they, but they moſt marry very ſoon then.

I trow ſae, ſays Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair clink, fule hait ye do for naething here.

Hame came Sandy ſtarving o' hunger, ye might a caſten a knot on his lang guts, his mither was baking peaſe bannocks, up he gets a lump of her leaven into his mouth; auld thief be in your haggies bag, Sandy,

kirk folks is ay greedy, ye been wi' the minister the day, ye'd get a good long grace, he might a gien the meat thou filthy dog that tu is, thou haſt the bulk of a little whalpie o' my leaven in your guts, it wad a been four good bannocks an' a ſcone, and a faird our Sunday's dinner, ſae wad it een, but an' ye keep a reeken houſe an a rocking cradle three eleven years as I ha'e done leſs o' that will ſair ye, baggity beaſt it tu is, mair that I bore thee now, hear ye that mawdow.

The next exploit was an action at law againſt the goodman of Muir-edge, a farmer that lived near by, that kept ſheep and ſwine, his ſheep came down and broke the yards and ate up their kail; the wild hares they thought belonged to the ſame man, as they ran towards his houſe when they were hunted; the ſwine came very often in and about their houſes ſeeking fiſh guts or any thing they could get, ſo it happen'd that one of their children ſitting easing itſelf, one of the ſwine tumbles it over and bites a piece out of the child's backſide; the whole town roſe in an uproar, and after grunkie as they called her, they catched her and took her before wife Willy; Willy takes an axe and cuts two or three inches off her long noſe; now ſays Willy, I trow I have made thee ſomething Chriſtian like, thou had ſic a long mouth and noſe before it wad a frighted a very de'il to look at ye, but now ye're fac'd like a

little horſe or cow; the poor ſow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the noſe, which cauſed Muir-edge to warn them in before my lord; ſo the wives that had their kail eaten appeared firſt in the court, complaining againſt Muiredge; indeed my lord, Muiredge is no a good man when he's ſic an ill neighbour, he keeps black hares and white hares, little wee brown backed hares wi' white arſes and looſe wagging horns, de muckle anes loup's o'er the dike and eats a' de kail, and the little anes wi' de wagging horns creeps in at our water guſh holes an' does de like, when we cry pſue they rin awa' hame to Muir-edge, but I'll gar my colly haud 'em by de fit, and I'll haud 'em by de horn, and pu' a' de hair aff 'em, and ſend him hame wanting de ſkin as he did wi' ſowen Tammy's wee Sandy for codding o' his peaſe, he took de poor laddie's coat, a ſae did he een.

A well then, ſaid my lord, what do you ſay, but call in wife Willy.

In he comes: a well, my lord, I ſhall ſuppoſe an ye were a ſow and me ſitting d——, and you to bite my arſe, ſudna I tak amends o' you for that? Od, my lord, ye wadna hae ſic a bit out o your arſe for twenty merks, ye maun juſt gar Muir-edge gi'e ten merks to buy a plaiſter to heal the poor bit wean's arſe again. Well ſaid, Willy, ſaid my lord, but who puts on the ſow's noſe again? A figs my lord, ſaid Willy, ſhe's honeſter like wanting it, and ſhe'll bite nae mair arſes wi't, and gin ye had hane a noſe as lang as the ſow had ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad cut a piece aff't.

A gentleman coming paſt near their town, aſked one of their wives where their college ſtood, ſaid ſhe give me a ſhilling and I'll let you ſee both ſides o't, he gives her a ſhilling, thinking to ſee ſome curious ſight, now there's one ſide of your ſhilling and here is the other, and 'tis mine now.

## PART III.

NOW wise Willy was so admired for his just judgment in cutting off the sow's nose, that my lord in a mocking manner made him burlybailie of Buckyhine. Lang Sandy was provost and John Thrums the weaver was dean of guild, but witty Eppie had ay the casting vote in a' their courts and controversies.

There happened one day a running horse to stand at one of their doors, and a child going about, the horse trampled on the child's foot, which caused the poor child to cry, the mother came running in a passion, crying, a wae be to you for a 'orse it ere ye was born of a woman filthy barbarian brute it t'ou is setting your muckle iron lufe on my bairn's wee fittie

od sir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head, gripping the horse by the mane and the twa lugs; cussing his shafts as if he had been her fellow creature, crying be-go laddie, I'll gar you as good; I'll tak you before wise Willy the bailie, and he'll cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, an' dan you will be cripple and gang thro' the kintry on a barrow, or on twa shule staffs like Rob the randy, an' a meal pock about your neck; her neighbour wife hearing & seeing what past, cried, O you fool taupy, what gars you say dat a horse was born o' a woman, do ye think dat a 'orse has a feder or a midder, like you or me or ony body about; a what way do they come to the warld

dan? Ye fool taupy divna they whalp like the louſes ae auld horſe hobbles on anither anes back, and dat whalps a young 'orſe: goſh woman, it wad be illfard to ſee a woman ſitting wi' a young 'orſe on her knee dighting its arſe and gi'en it the pap.

The neat occaſion was lang Sandy and rolioching Jenny's wedding, which held three days & twanights my landlord and my lady with ſeveral gentlemen and ladies attended for diverſion's ſake, the piper of Kirkcaldy & the fidler of Kinghorn were both bidden by wife Willy the bride's father, and if ony ane came to play unbidden, wife Willy ſwore they ſhould ſit unſaird, for theſe twa ſhould get a' the ſiller that was to be gi'en that day, the dinner and dorder meat ſat a' in Eppie's college, and the dancing ſtood in twa

rings before the door, and the firſt day with dancing and dangling of their heels, dang down a' the ſea dyke, ſome tumbled in and ſome held by the ſtanes, the fiddler fell o'er the legs and druket a' his fiddle, the ſtrings gaed out of order, and the tripes turn'd ſoft like pudding skins, ſo the bagpipe had to do for a', and the fiddler got nought to do but ſup kail and pike banes wi' the reſt of them.

Now my lord's cook was to order the kettle, but Pate o' the Pans played a bad prank, caſting in twa

pund of candle amang the kail, which made them ſo fat that ſome could not ſup them, for the candle-wicks came into their cutties like ſutter's lingles in the diſh; but ſome of them wi' ſtronger ſtomachs, ſtripped them thro' their teeth like ratton tails, and ſaid, mony a ane wad be blythe o' ſic a ſtring to tie their hoſe wi' in a pinch; my lord and the gentry, Meſs John and the clerk were all placed at the head of the table, oppoſite to the bride, but would ſup none of the candle-kail. Wife Willy and the bridegroom ſerved the table, and cried, ſup an' a ſorrow to you, for I never liked ſour kail about my houſe; when the fleſh came, the bride got a ram's rumple to pick, ſhe takes it up and wags it at my lord, ſaying ti hi, my lord, what an a piece is dat? O, ſaid he, that's the tail piece, it belongs to you; me, my lords, it's no mine, I never had a ting like dat, it's a fiſh tail, ſee as it wags, it's a bit o' a dead beaſt; O yes, ſaid he, bride, you have hit it now; but how come you to eat with your gloves on? Indeed, my lord, there is a reaſon for dat, I have ſcabbit hands. O fy, ſaid he, I cannot believe you, ſo ſhe pulls down a piece of her gloves and ſhows him. O yes, ſaid he, I ſee it is ſo; aha, my lord, I wiſh you ſaw my a—, it's a' in ae hatter; O fy, ſaid he, bride, you ſhould not ſpeak ſo before ladies and your maiden; I wonder, ſaid he to wife Willy, her father, you do not teach your daughter to ſpeak otherwiſe. O be my fae, my lord, ye may as ſoon kiſs her a— as gar her ſpeak otherwiſe: I find ſo, ſaid my lord, but it lies much in lack of a teacher.

The next diſh that was preſented on the table was roaſted hens, and the bride's portion being laid on her plate, ſhe ſays to my lord, will ye let me dip my fowlarſe amang your ſauce? Upon my word, and that I will not, ſaid he, if it be as you tell'd me; hout, my lord, it's no my arſe, it's but de hen's

mean; O but, ſaid he bride, it's the faſhion to every one to eat off their own trencher; you may get more ſauce, I can manage all mine myſelf; indeed, my lord, I thought ye liket me better than ony body: O but, ſaid he, I love myſelf better than you bride; deed my lord, I think ye're the beſt body about the houſe, for your lady's but a ſtinking pride-ſu' jade, ſhe thinks that we ſud mak the fiſh a' alike, be go, my lord, ſhe thinks that we ſud ſhape them as the hens do their eggs wi' deir arſe. O bride, ſaid he, you ſhould not ſpeak ill of my lady, for ſhe hears you very well; O deed, my lord, I had nae mind o' that; a well then, ſaid he, drink to me or them ye like beſt; then here's to you a' de gither, arſe o'er head. Very well ſ id ſays my lord, that's good ſenſe or ſomething like it.

Dinner being over, my lord deſired the bride to dance; indeed my lord, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop fornent yours, and then rin round about as faſt as I can; very well ſaid he, bride, that will ju— do, we ſhall neither kiſs nor ſhake hands, but I'll bow to you and ye'll beck to me, and ſo we'll have done.

Now after dinner and dancing, my lord exhorted the bride to be a good neighbour, and to gree well wi' every body round about; I wat well, my lord, ye ken I never caſt out wi' nae body, but lang Pate o' the Pans, as he was a' the wyte o't, it began wi' a hiertieing and jamphing me about Sandy, de black ſtanes and de crab bole s where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hubbub and a colly ſhangy, an' or you wad ſaid kiſs my a— my lord, we were aboon ither on the muſſel midden, I true I tell'd him o'randy Rob his uncle, his hef titty it ſteal'd de ſarks and drank de filler, and how his midder ſell'd mauky mutton, an' mair nor a' that, ſae did I een, my lord.

My lord had a friend of his own, who was a captain in the army, who came to visit him, and hear-

ing of the Buckers sayings and exploits, was desirous to put them in a fright, sent his servant and ordered them, both men and women, to come up before his gate directly the morn about kail-time, and a' that did not come was to flit and remove out of my lord's ground directly, this put the whole of them in great terror, some ran to wise Willy to know what it meant, Willy said it was before something, and he was sure that death would be the warst o't, come what will; but witty Eppie said, I ken weel what's to come he's gaun to make the men o' us sodgers and de wives dragoons, because we're de best fighters; I ken there is something to come on de town, for our Nanny saw Maggy's gaist the street it was buried four oks syne, a hech co' Willy, thats a sign that meal is dear in the ither warld, when she comes to think on't again; we will tak our dinner or we go, we'll may be ne'er come back again, so away they went lamenting all in a crowd. My lord and the captain were looking o'er the window to them, the captain cries to them, to the right about; to which they answered, good bless you my lord, what does dat man say? Then, said my lord, turn your face to Meggy-mill-head's and your arse to the sea; this they did in all haste What will we do now? said Willy; no more, said my lord, but gang awa' hame Willy: O my bows, O my blessing come o'er your bonny face my lord, I wish you may never die

nor yet grow sick, nor naebody kill you; ye're the best Lord I ken on earth. for we thought a' to be made dead men and fogers, your wiser than a'the witches in Fife.

There was in Bucky harbour a method when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats, one, two, or three of the oldest went into a boat to see the rest dance; whene'er they admitted a burgher there was always a dance. Oneday they admitted gly'd Rob Thomson from the island of May; after he was admitted, they got account from wise Willy that gly'd Rob was a witch, which made them all stop their dancing, and Rob was cried on to make answer to this weighty matter. Gly'd Rob cried, none of you shall stir a fit for two hours I'se warrand you; so Rob spang'd and jump'd over the

boat several times & put them in great terror, some cried, O tis i' the air, and then they cried they saw him i' the air hinging, so that Rob was obliged to go back to the May and carry coals to the light house.

It was reported that gly'd Rob was born in Bucky, and that his father was Willy Thomson's son, who

was baniſhed for a ſlave to the May, to carry coals; he would not take with him on account he had but ae eye. After that there was no more dancing at admitting of burgers, but the old uſual way of ſcate-rumple, and then drink until they were almoſt blind.

Upon the Rood day, four young Bucky laſſes went away early in the morning with their creels full of fiſh, and about a mile frae the town they ſaw coming down a brae, like a man driving a beaſt, when they came near, Tardy Tib ſays, 'tis a man driving a big mauken; Tib flang her creel and fiſh away, the other three run another way and got clean; they ſaid it

was a horned de'il. Tib told the frightſome ſtory and many ran to ſee the poor man, or cadger and his aſs, driving the old mauken. The fiſhers look on all maukins to be devils and witches, and if they but ſee a ſight of a dead maukin it ſets them a trembling. The fiſher laſſes look with diſdain on a farmer's daughter and a' country laſſes, they call them muck-byers and ſherney-tail jades.

The Bucky lads and laſſes when they go to gather bait, tell ſtrange ſtories about Ghoſts, Witches, Wil-

ly with the Wiſp, and the Kelpy, Fairies and Maukens, and boggles of all ſorts.

The Ghoſts, like old horſes, go all night for fear they are ſeen, and be made to carry ſcate or fiſh, or be carted; and witches are the warſt kind of devils, and make uſe of cats to ride upon, or kill-kebbers, and beſoms, and ſail over ſeas in cockle ſhells, and witch the lads and laſſes, and diſable bridegrooms. As for Willy and the Wiſp, he is a fiery devil, and leads people off their road in order to drown them, for he ſparks ſometimes at our feet, and then runs before with his candle, as if he were twa or three mile before us, many a good boat has Spunkie drowned; the boats coming to land in the night-time, they obſerve a light off the land, and ſet upon it and are drown't.

The Kelpy is a ſly devil, he roars before a loſs at ſea, and frightens both young and old upon the ſhore. Fairies are terrible troubleſome, they gang dancing round folks lums, and rin through the houſes they haunt, and play odd tricks, and lift new-born bairns from their mothers, and none of them are ſafe to lye with their mothers a night or two after they are born, unleſs the mother gets a pair of mens breeches under her head for the firſt three nights; when the fairies are frighted, they will leave an old ſtock with the woman, and whip away the child. One tried to burn an old ſtock that the fairies left in the cradle; but when the fire was put on, the old ſtock jumped on upon a cat and up the lum. Maukens are moſt terrible and have bad luck, none will go to ſea that day they ſee a Maukin; or if a wretched body put in a Maukin's fit in their creels they need not lift them that day, as it will be bad luck, either broken backs, or legs, or arms, or hear bad accounts of the boats at ſea.

They are terrified for all ſorts of bogles both by land and ſea.

## The MINISTER and Muſſel-Mou'd HARRY.

Muſſel-mou'd Harry the skull maker, whoſe lug was nail'd to a tree near my lord's garden, for cutting young ſaughs for to make creels and skulls of. He aſſumed a head-dreſs as he had been a devil, and went and play'd his tricks in the night-time, which frighted the whole town, till the time he was catched by my lord's piper. He was then ſent for to the miniſter, & was obliged to put on his frightful dreſs, with the appearance of two horns on his head; the miniſter rebuked him, but he had the aſſurance to tell the miniſter that he only frighted his own town, but that he frighted the whole pariſh by telling them to repent or be d——d, this is your gate o't ſtir, ſo I made them repent by fright, and I think I ſud be paid by your honour for't, as you tell me ſtir, about my lord's ſaughs which I ſuffered for, if your honour's lug had been there you could not get off ſo eaſy for ſtir your lug is as lang as my grey cats, ſo I bid you farewell until our next meeting.

FINIS.